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1969

## Loyola University Rome Center Yearbook 1968-1969

Loyola University Rome Center

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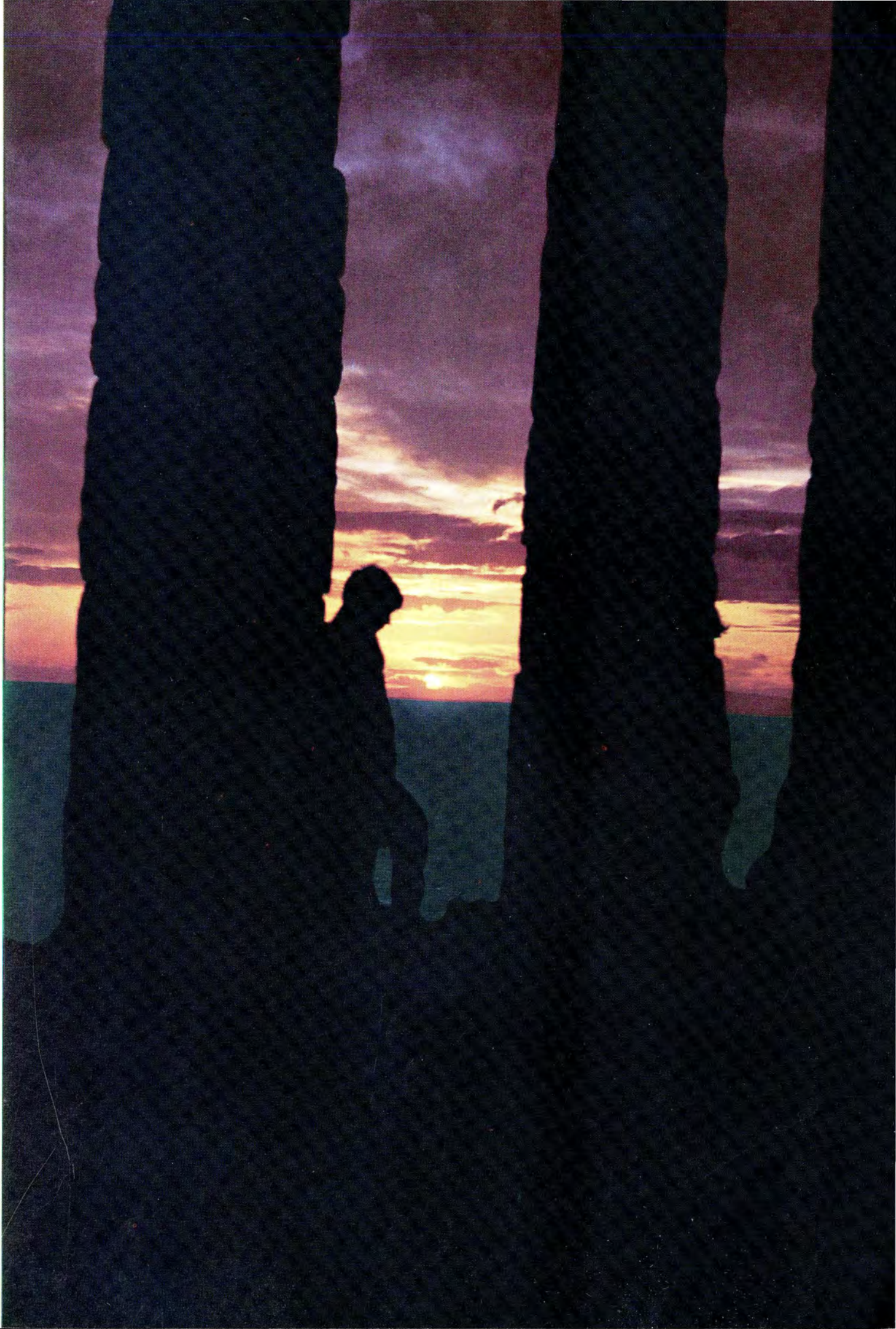
**ALL OF US**



And gradually, out of these masses of people, we knew faces and names and identities. From the rivers and mountains and deserts grew awarenesses until an obscure town name was enough to evoke a whole range of feelings. Sharing, with one fellow traveler or with the community of the moment, became an experience in a language surpassing any tongue. No one had ever told us that an Israeli looked just like an Arab, or that a Czechoslovakian pensione could be as warm-hearted as an Italian one. But the more we saw, the more we knew: Man has the same joys, the same pains, the same needs, the same peace. It may be only the means that are different.

Sometimes the young seemed to know all the secrets, and in other cultures the ancient held the wrinkles of wisdom. And always, we are here, ourselves, better for being aware of the world of Us beyond the craters of I and them.





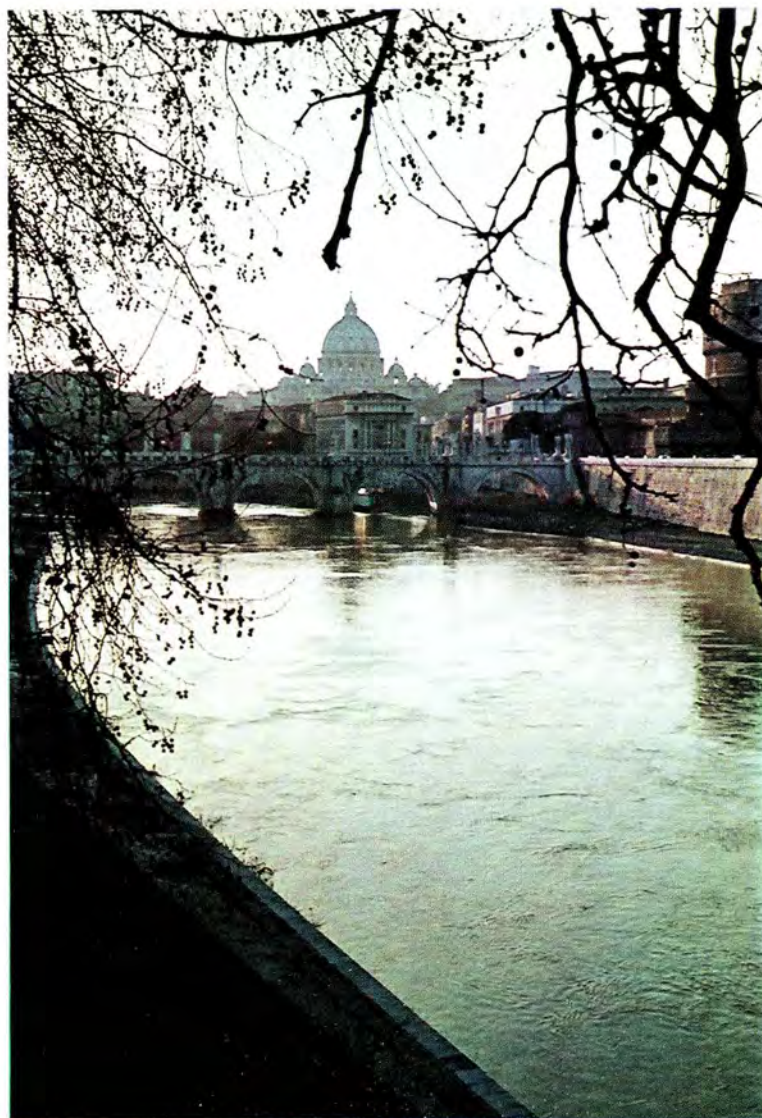
















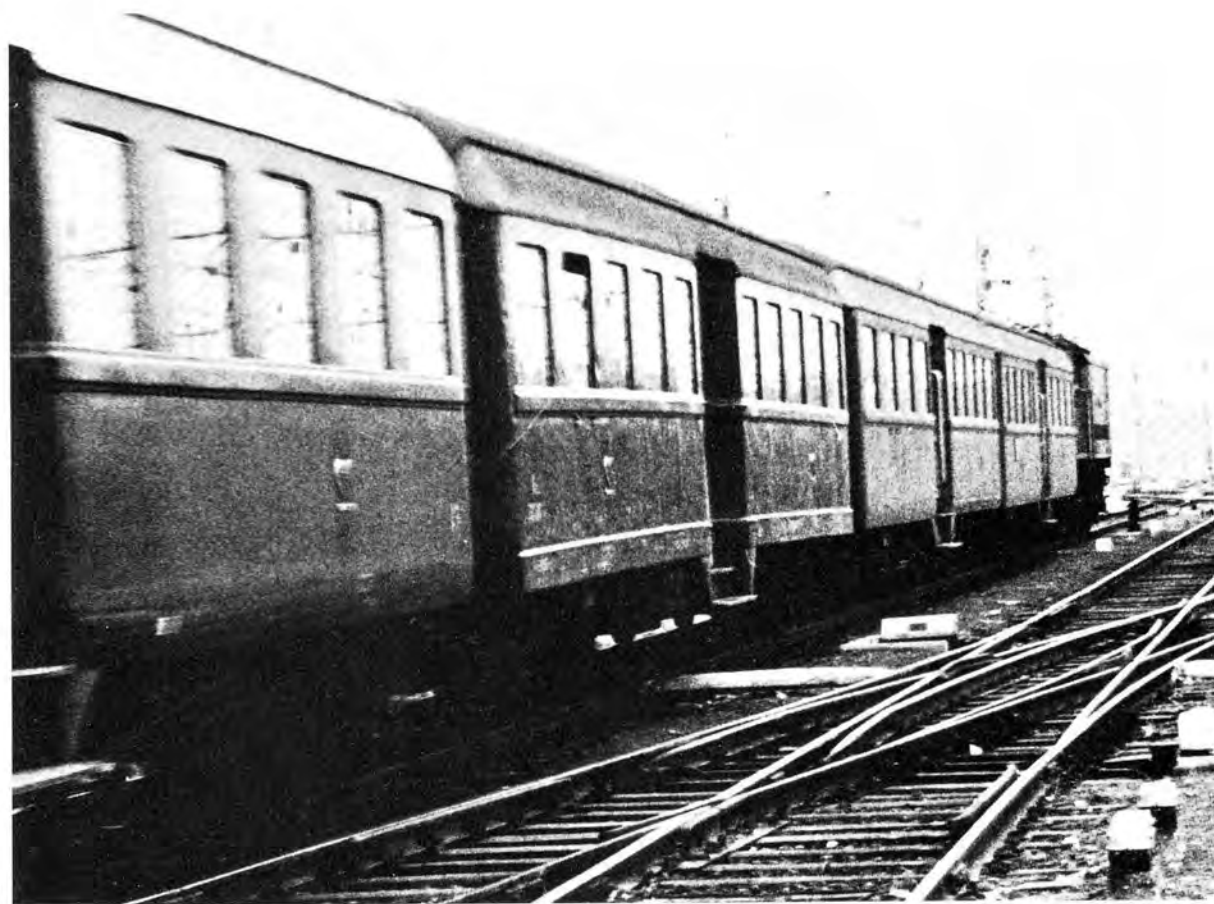
**Loyola University**  
**Rome Center of the Liberal Arts**

**1968-1969 Vol. 5**











Like a bird imprisoned  
I've lived  
for years,  
Afraid to let myself out  
to land on a mirror  
or  
collide with a wall  
But now again still like  
the bird  
I acknowledge my wings  
not afraid to use them  
to let on that I have them  
to embark on a flight  
long  
hard  
up







Baby, you would not believe the problems I've been having!! Maybe it's because I'm alone and not too many people understand English. It's not like Mexico was; there were always people who spoke English. Isn't it hard to imagine that we're actually thousands of miles from the U.S.?... a familiar face would look so good about now ..... don't get me wrong, I love Rome but I'd also like a little of the good ol' U.S. right now.







Capri.  
 September.  
 Three a.m.  
 He: restless, spellbound, sea-child.  
 She: uncertain, knowing, moon-child.

Ostia Lido.  
 February.  
 Seven p.m.  
 They: ...and the whole world of one beach.





Italian life is pasta,  
Sun-drenched friendships and  
arrivedercis...







The molehill sputters,  
 shakes,  
 spews out smouldering ash:  
 No more a sable backdrop,  
 but animate black:  
 stilling all.  
 Posh palaces are no more,  
 but patricians flee  
 (leaving three, rich but lifeless)  
 While nearer the angry mount  
 those who sought a livelihood  
 live no more--  
 ever frozen by the living fire.





"America? I don't know. I can't remember (except for things like drugstores that understand and have what you want). I live in Rome now."





But while I was in Germany  
I felt I was with men,  
Tall strongs and capable women--  
shadows of Hitler in the Hofbrauhaus:  
Cries of anguish at Dachau.  
And Bavarian sausages became  
my life, washed with liters of beer.







Then I walked to Berlin,  
tortured symbol of  
war-pretend-peace,  
and they took my map away  
at the wall—because it showed  
the wall.

So I continued north, and  
Germany seemed even stronger:  
The West, and industry, and  
life, and vigor;  
I spoke, but just  
a little.









Heidelberg caught me in the middle and I yearned to play the student prince; I fought the regimentation and admired the army, but I knew. I am not a German; respect and desire will fade but Deutschland cannot.





Neon city sitting on a plain: Madrid  
mesons sitting in hiding  
far from the wide avenues  
unheard from the quiet Prado  
(could anything be heard in Goya's  
black room?)

the beat of a city's blood  
courses through crowded meson  
Spanish girls out 'til ten  
Sangria all around  
the boys' guitars are faster louder  
Spanish voices quicken to the  
staccato steps  
and  
swirling skirt of a table-top dancer

we Yankees split tortillas and chug  
Sangria  
playing "thumper" in a corner

the blood-beat always cools and  
when it did  
we all skipped home seveninarow  
through  
curly-crook streets and elbow curves  
and someone hailed a taxi  
and we laughed our joys  
in a ring-around-the-rosey  
round a statue-centered square.





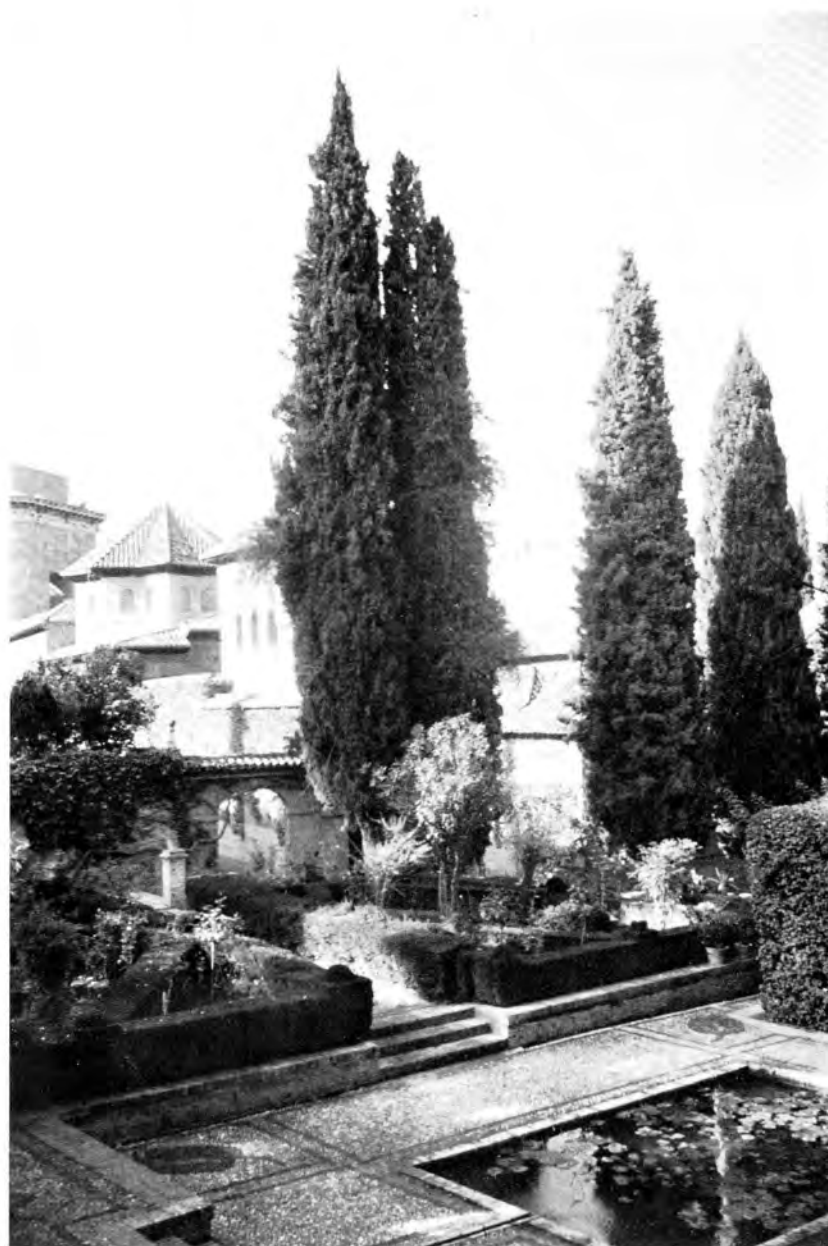
The plains are Dali scenes --  
a city, one building, one huge rock  
stands single and alone  
pausing on a vast rusted flatness.







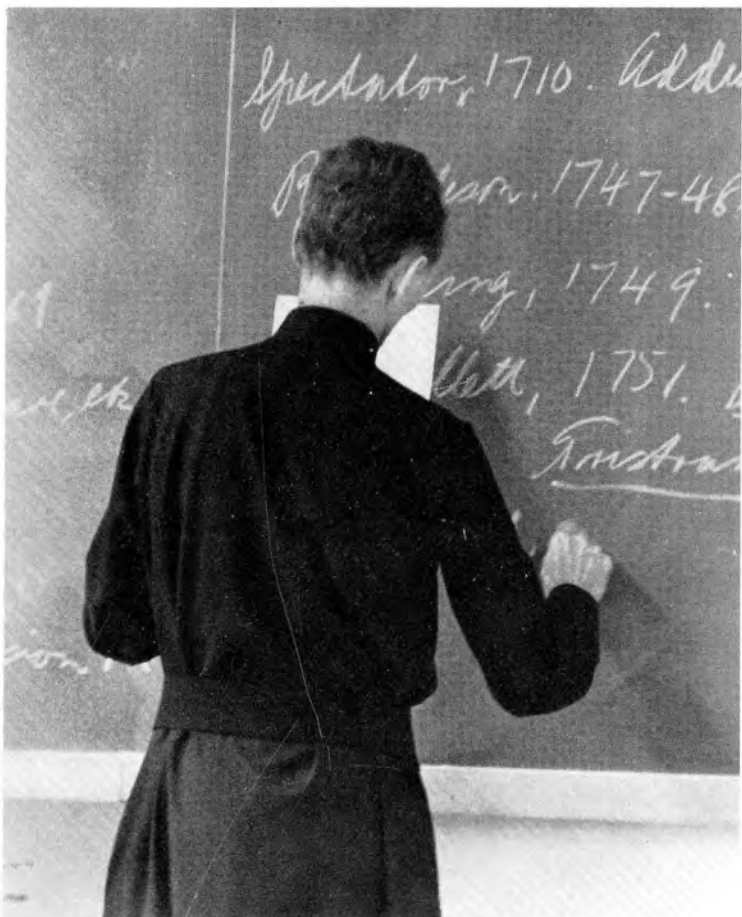
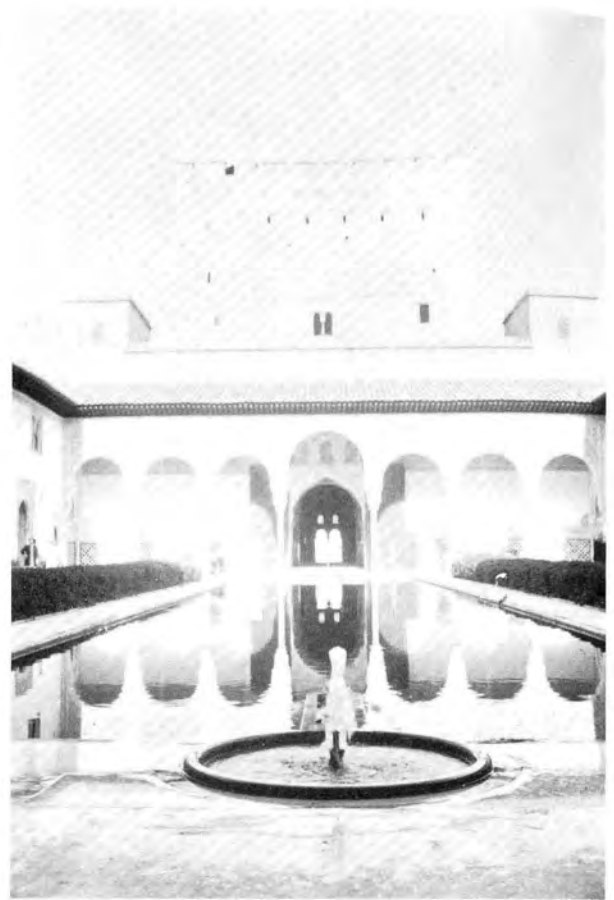
While I sit studying,  
Rome  
might as well be  
Chicago...



Granada, the Alhambra,  
a God-carved mountain pass at violet dusk  
a day of orange groves and patchwork hills  
plowed by men and mules with wooden tools  
over grey-cragged mountains and rutted roads  
to Malaga on the coast.









We found Gibraltar's mass in a moonlight haze and next day was real coffee and soft toilet paper and English spoken everywhere.







Cordoba, Seville, Toledo,  
windmills and castles,  
cathedrals and battle sights,  
and skies,  
skies turquoise and black,  
skies rainbowed grey,  
skies blue all through or violet pink,  
skies that cover Spain.



All the sharing  
we have shared  
will never be in vain.

Although  
time and distance intervene  
to separate us  
they fail completely,

For we again come together  
as before and ever  
we share

Our mutualness  
our sharing  
has conquered all obstacles.

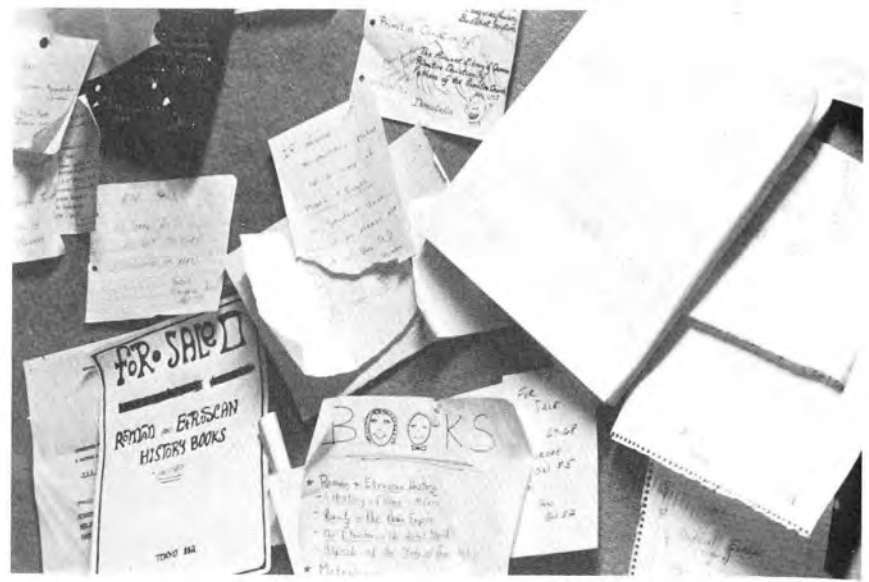


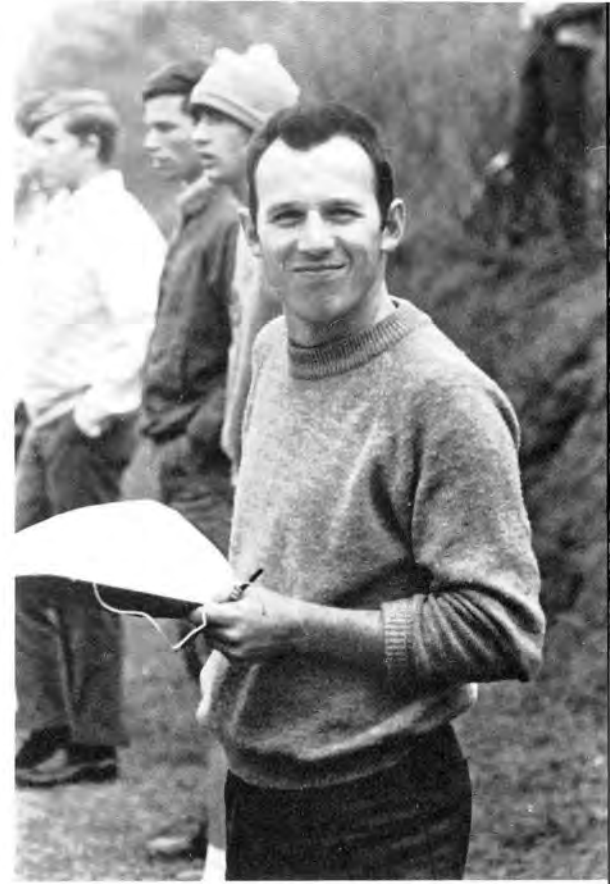












So many things to be said  
 so many experiences we have not shared together  
 and yet, so many we have  
 that it seems we are together in them all  
 each day I seem to be totally different from before  
 each moment I seem to become years older  
 I may die before I am thirty  
 and yet live nine hundred years.





Once in a town long lone I stood-  
But didn't ponder  
the silent wonder.  
I felt it there but did not ask.

And one stone still upheld another-  
A testimony,  
Cold and stoney,  
To Nature's strength. She held them  
there.

But round and in between them now-  
Sunlight hazy,  
Grass and daisy,  
Brightened age but did not move it.

And still I stood, and shuffled in the  
past-  
But thought of how  
It would be now  
Had man survived and nature passed  
away.





I love the world, people, snakes,  
pollen, poison—just everything that  
might possibly affect me. Perhaps  
someday I will feel that I have  
something that will help somebody  
(or, idealistically, everybody) but for  
now I am still in the absorbing and  
experiencing phase.







The syncopated railroad tracks  
And gently humming wheels  
Secure me from the winter cold.  
I wonder how it feels

To wander in that wilderness  
Evading winter's chill  
From snowy sky to feathered bush?  
I wonder if it will

Be easy for a lonely one  
To find a foreign friend  
Without the aid of warmth or tongue--  
Shall I be lost, again?





I've learned a great deal just about people since I've been here and I can't wait to talk to you-somehow it's just more comforting to talk with someone from the same part of the same country instead of foreigners all the time.









Ancient sands, still holding high her head:  
Look at the impressive visas she gives.  
And look, the walls across doorways,  
The desert forts, the MIG's.

For us, Merryland and special prices.

For them, dirt and smell.

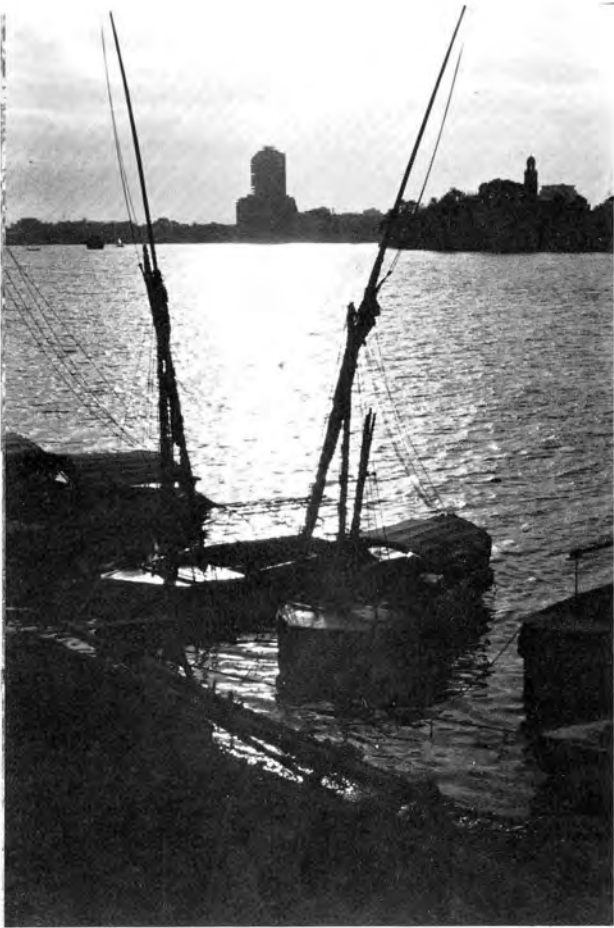
Proud heritage breeding Arabian steeds--  
And for a tip you can get your camera back.

But now we know why

The Pharoah was the sun-god--  
and the Nile, all life.







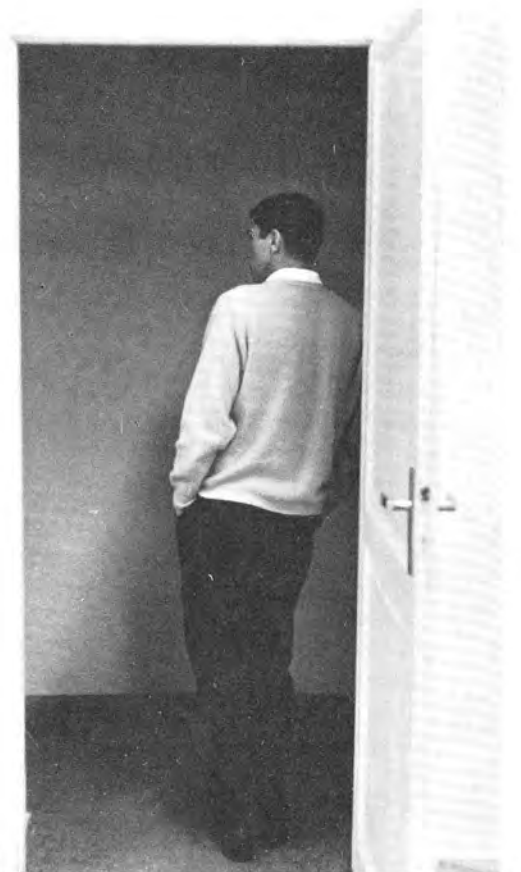
Is it fair  
to me  
to you  
to say I've changed?  
Can you accept  
the new--  
with an old past  
once a product of that past  
Now  
a rebel against it?  
Can you realize  
that what was once  
a must for me  
is now  
not  
for the new me?







The smiling Sphinx will guard the  
Pyramids for our children as he  
kept them for us these thousands of years.





Little kids in pyjamas,  
"You buy this, Mister, cheap?"  
Don't eat the fruit.







In a world of one,  
It's always best  
To try to recognize the rest.

In a world of two,  
It's always been  
That while one sees, the other's seen.

In a world of three,  
You've found a crowd  
And none may whisper love aloud.

And when there're four  
That's when it's found  
That two will follow two around.

But in a crowd,  
Well-hidden here,  
The one is lone, but has no fear.





City of 500 mosques,  
That's Asia over there...  
"But where's the suede?"





Why did they do it to you?  
You are not innocent,  
O Jerusalem; you  
languish 'neath churches  
and gunfire and  
pilgrims and tourists  
and monuments and  
all-not-so-holy  
enterprises.

But when did they do it?  
How long have these candles been burning,  
coating the Tomb with black smoke?  
And why didn't they tell us Calvary isn't  
really a huge hill—just another church,  
with scaffolding on it.

How long do you think they will  
keep it up? Venerating all those  
places and things.  
Till the last Christian?  
Or the last Jew?  
Or the last Arab?











Eretz Israel,  
tortured land of promises and curses,  
of rocky desert land rejuvenated by kibbutzniks,  
of Chosen Ones and of donkeys.

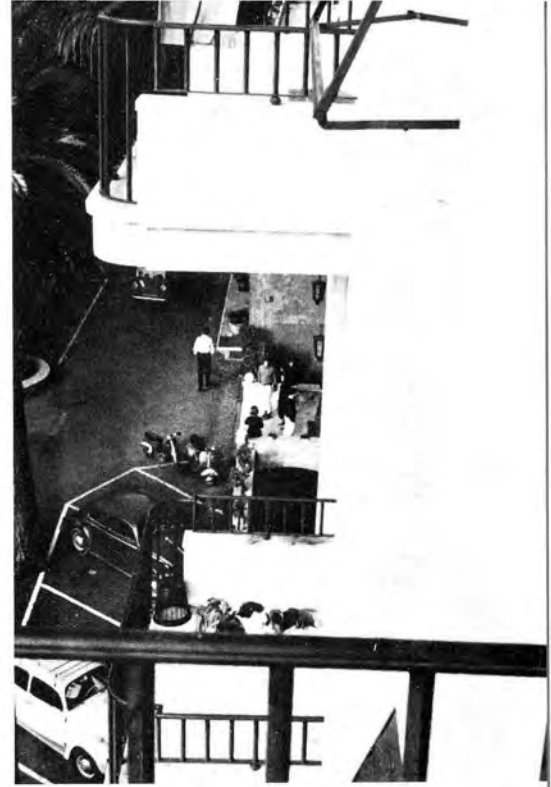
Five thousand years of yesterday,  
wars, vendettas, refugees.  
One today.  
Tomorrow?  
Peace.







Five months have past...  
What have I done?  
I have travelled,  
experienced,  
and learned  
so much yet so very little.  
All of life seems to be like that--  
a never-ending list of things to do.



Girls promenaded,  
Photographers snapped,  
Artists painted,  
Babies napped.

The franc stumbled,  
De Gaulle ranted,  
Laborers marched,  
Students chanted.

The Seine rippled,  
Spires soared,  
Grapes fermented,  
Bartenders poured.

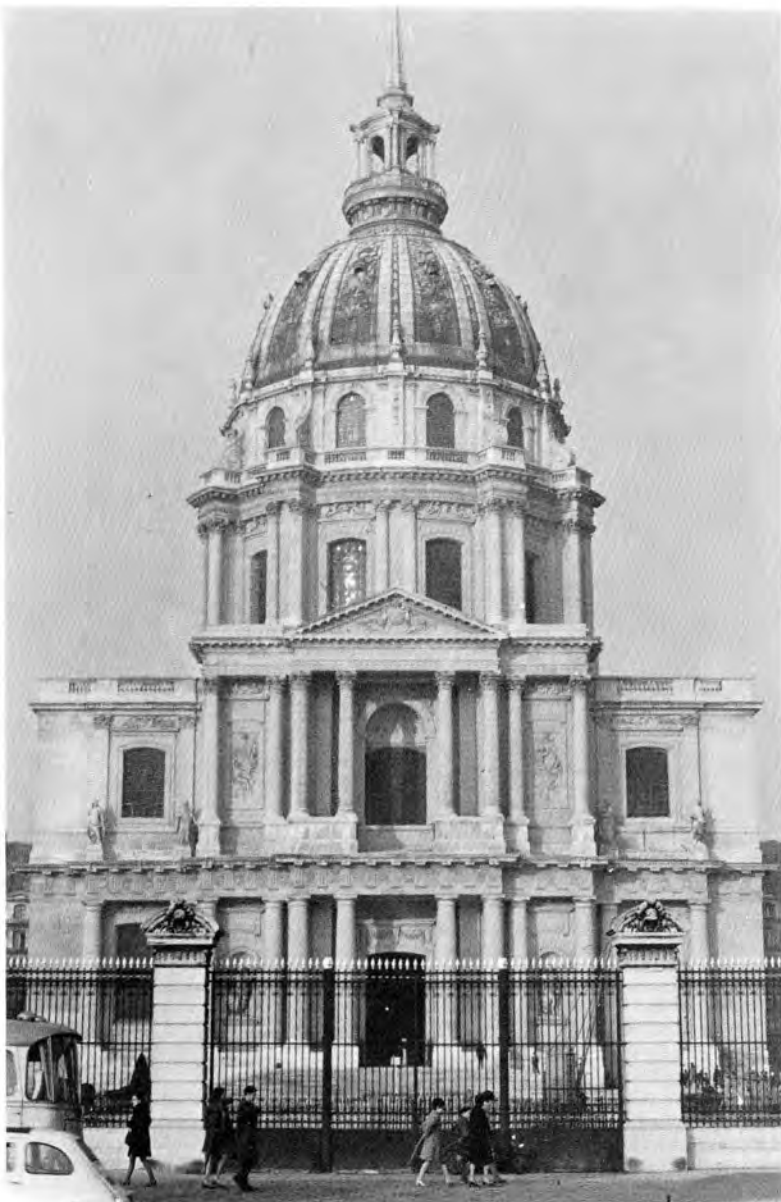
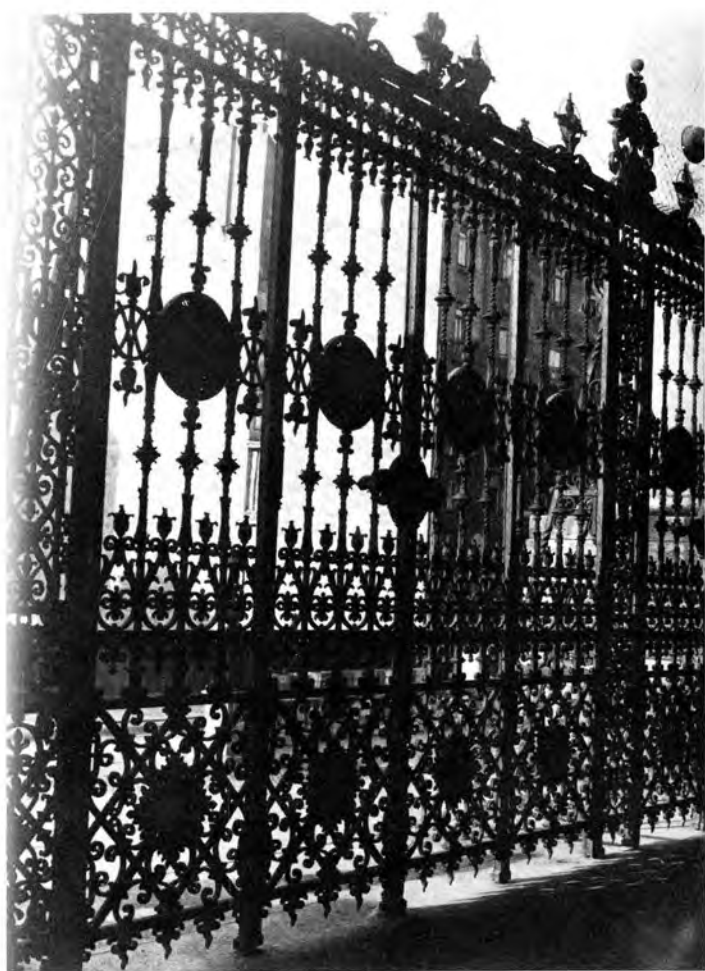








Latin Quarter streets,  
frites,  
sly students  
in the backyard of Notre Dame.



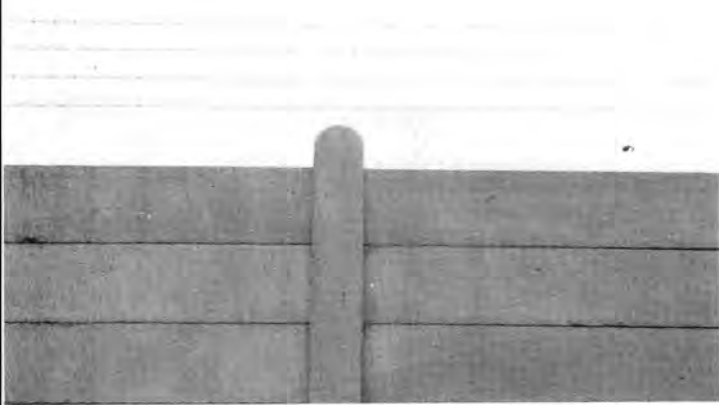




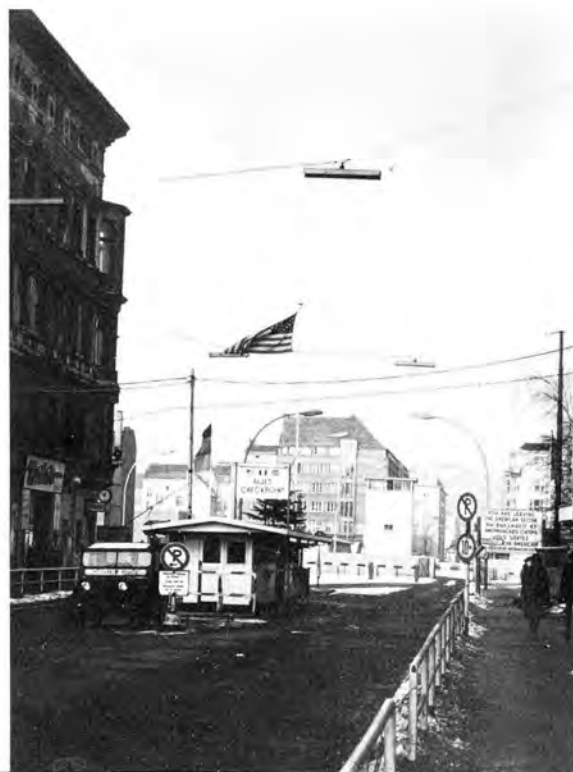


In dimly lit rooms  
air heavy with smoke  
under yellow lamps  
over mosaic tables  
we sat and talked,  
talked of revolution.  
As wine flowed  
tongues and minds became thick:  
no more the social intellectuals  
but the solitary contemplatives  
disturbed by thoughts of the future.





I tried to escape;  
I thought I could turn inside out,  
and then my stomach would be still.  
Or else I would climb  
as far as--  
as high as--  
as beyond as--  
Until I couldn't see anything.  
But even then it would be the same me,  
And I'd have to get back down again, somehow.



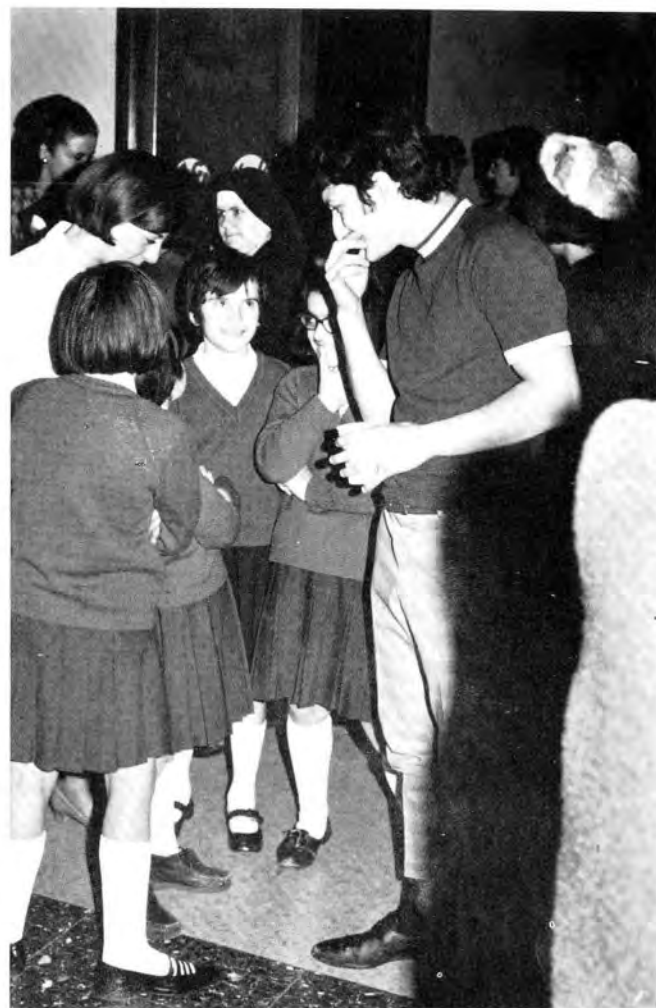






Snow mutes harsh reality  
tones down the cries of sorrow  
blankets the causes  
with its whiteness.

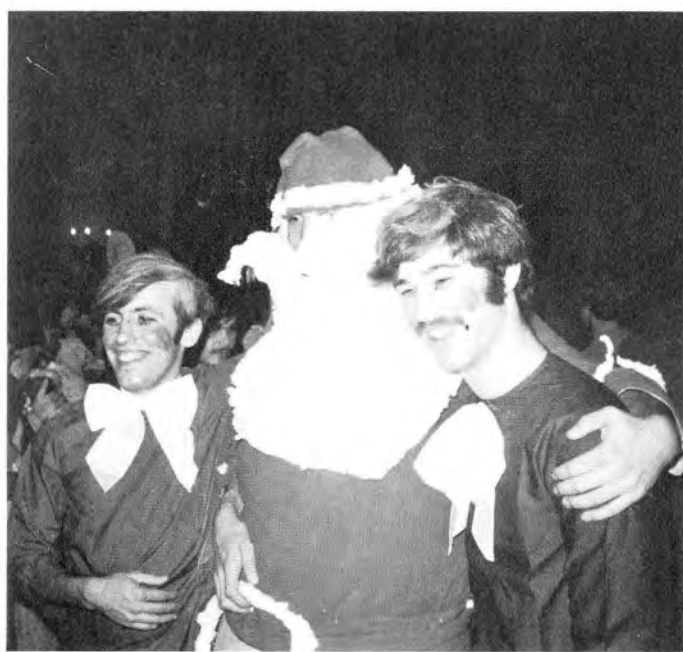
Snow imposes peace  
over human unrest  
allows the latent love in each  
to express itself for all  
with its serenity.







Snow disappears  
 melted by the heat of unrest below  
 blackened by the very life  
 it covered and blanchd  
 temporarily  
 for it is delicate.



Reality is again made naked  
prey to turbulence and hate  
exposed to its own cold truth  
for it is cruel  
when the silent serene  
fantasy of snow  
perishes.



Roma--

You frustrate me. What are you? Will I ever be able to relate to those back home the feelings you so subtly slipped into my mind and heart?

They will ask me: What is Rome like? or, Is Rome beautiful? City of enchantment, you are beautiful, and delicate, and soft. You move slowly, with grace, like the river that winds its way through your being. Yet within there is a pulsation that eludes me; perhaps it is the lady on Via Flaminia yelling at the butcher behind his counter, or perhaps the howl of the barker at the flea market. Or might the excitement be due to the Fiats and Alfas that race and crowd through your narrow veins?

You are elegant, yet you are so base. You treat your people well--you are fine company on a warm evening. The wine you offer is invigoratingly strong. The earth colors you so often wear put one at ease; you are not superfluous.

This affair intrigues me; you welcome me yet I know you do not understand me or my ways. You lure me with charming habits, and you prod me to stay with you, for I am happy in your presence. I'm leaving you soon. We both know it, but then what will happen? Shall I miss you when I return to the others I've known back home? Or will you fade and become only a memory in color, softer and more golden than ever before?

But I'll come back, I promise. And speak to you again in my rusty Italian, and share with you moonlight and sunshine and sea and sand--we'll travel again.

I won't forget you.

















Take me by the hand again  
And lead me to your treasure.  
And though we know that it can't last  
Any more than we can measure,  
I'm inclined to stay behind  
And wait for better weather.  
In a year we won't be here  
But today we are together.

I've seen love so many ways  
In rings and angry fathers,  
That now seen through a clearer view  
They all become such a bother.  
I've been told it's not so bold  
To leave the ladies grieving,  
But when the word is in the air  
I just get the urge for leaving.

And so you see that what I ask  
Is not much for the giving.  
Just that you might love me now  
And tomorrow, go on living.  
And don't pretend that it won't end  
And hide beneath your covers.  
Just mark me down for another clown,  
And we'll say once we were lovers.



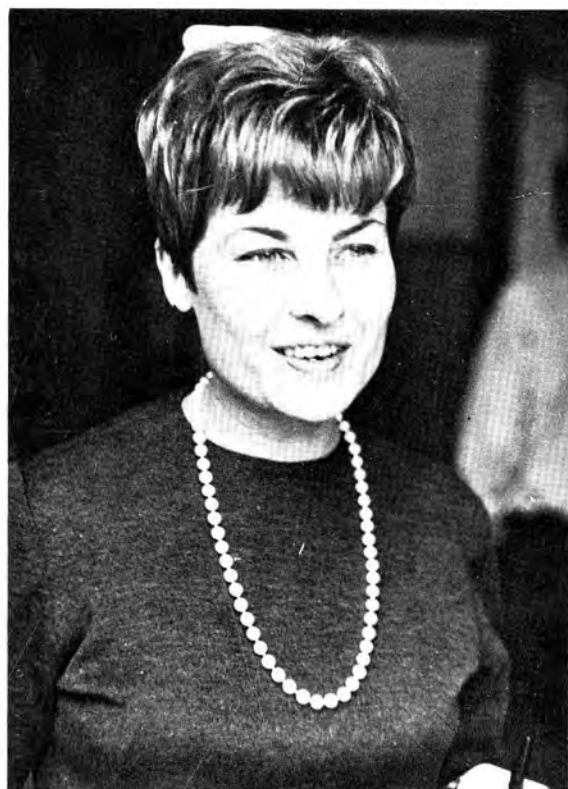


Rev. John Felice, S.J., Director

One star, one blade of grass,  
One pebble, one gull--  
No, rarely is there one perfect.  
One word--insufficient...  
Again and again, grazie.



Mr. John P. McHale, Dean of Students



Miss Lee Frederickson, Dean of Women



Dr. Patrick J. Casey, Academic Dean



David Ford



Craig Woodland



Marilyn Schmitz



Candace Wray



Margaret Smith



Elizabeth Cara





Eleanor McBride



Linda Thompson



Mary Galella



Bernard Becker



Mo. Robert Feist, Music



Michael Powers



Michael Brouse



Barbara Eharis



Mary Jo Grogan

One day as it rained  
I lounged in class  
And sank into oblivion.  
Then he said, "That's all,"  
And it hit me: Thursday!  
Now three days and the  
weather would change.



Dr. Thomas Wren, Philosophy



Mary Schneider



Thomas Lutkewitte





Tina Stern



Thomas Janisse



Joseph Musumano



John Casper



Nancy Gosline



Dennis Halpin



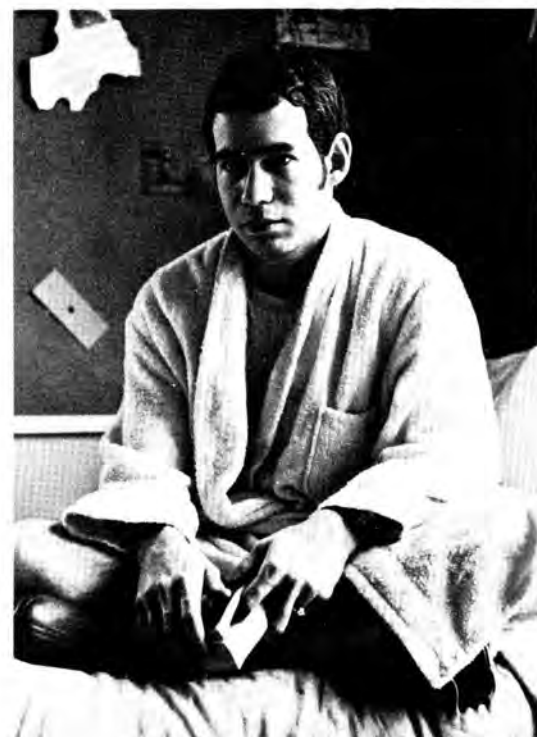
Mr. John Nicholson, Philosophy



William McGuire



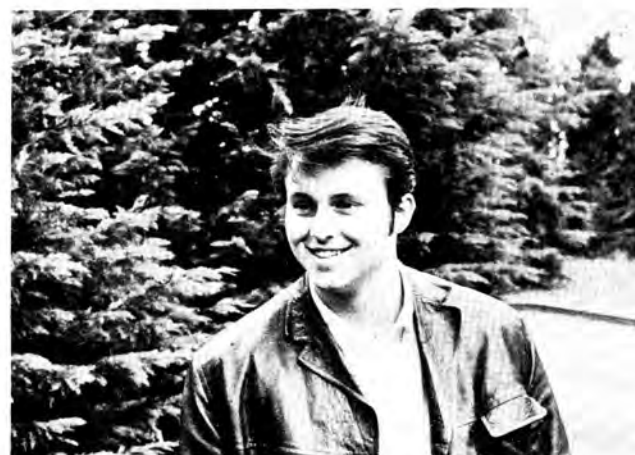
Norma Guglielmino



Robert Anderson



Theresa Koke



Sean Seman





Susan Costello



Philip Colucci

Security: Clouds may cover,  
and leaves may fall,  
but breakfast will never change.



James DeVoto



Michael Pelligrini



Michael Morgado



William Bucknam



Mary Ahern



David Beaucage



Daniel Boyle



Craig Lundin



Christine Lydon



Norman Baumann





Richard Abend



Christopher Wagner



Carina Cesari



Timothy McCluskey



Alia Toukan



Barbara Miele



Bruce Turnmire

We loathed classes  
loved classes  
cut classes  
slept in classes.  
And took notes  
wrote letters  
asked questions  
watched a watch.

What I learned, I yearned to learn:  
Languages, practical economics,  
People, and myself in foreign  
situations.



Pamela Trent



William Marre



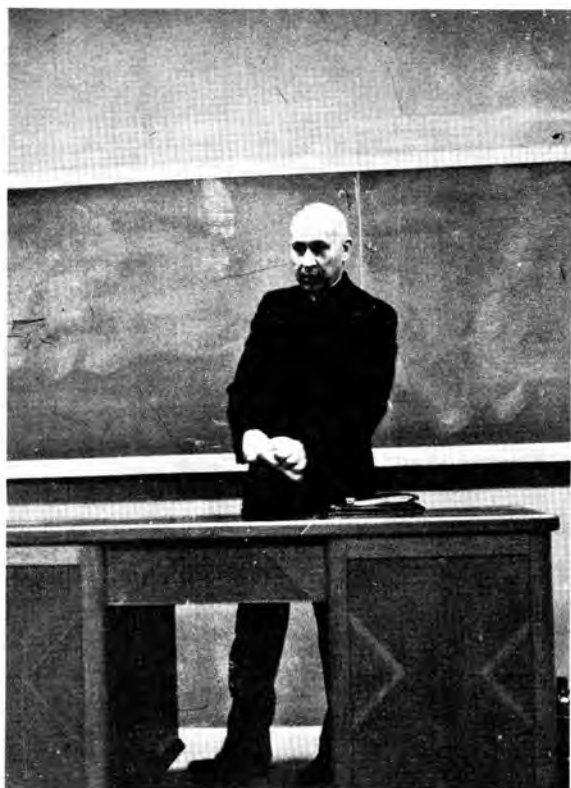
Michael Reisinger



Katherine Koessner



Louis Volpe



Rev. Andrew Varga, S.J., Philosophy



Carolyn Antonini



Christopher Carmody



Dr. Flaminia Addis, Italian



Mary Murphy

Thomas Parker







Dr. Richard Hartigan, Political Science



Patricia Murray



Sylvia Nett



Anne Robichaud



Regina Jost



Barbara Didion



Patrick Timlin



Nancy Works



Kevin Kelly



James Maloney



David Fleming



Michael Payne



James Dempsey



Deborah Feldman



Patrick Smith



Kathryn Heller

There were the days we walked:  
And this is my villa, my estate,  
these my grounds. Each tree I'll  
name, surveying from the roof,  
possessing the gardens, the hills  
in their splendor. Breathing with  
beauty.



Peter Troglio



Lynn Johnson





William Freston



David Wesner



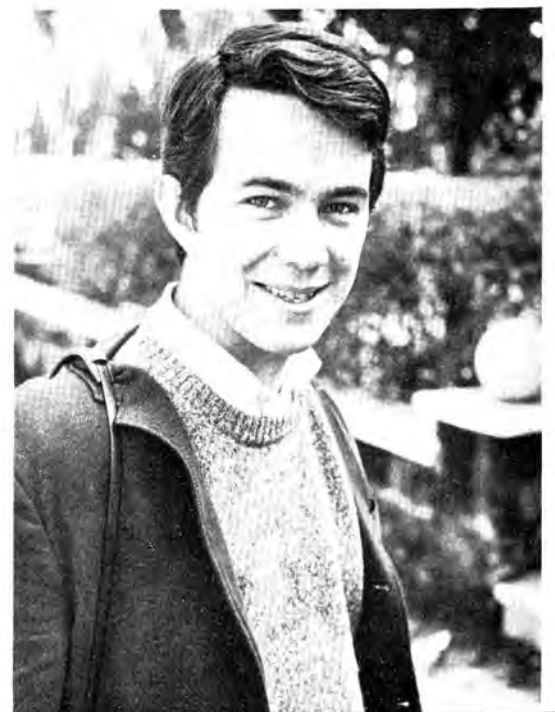
Michael Breen



Cathlin Fleming



Johanna Coletta



Lawrence Stayton



Joanne Romeo



David Smith



Kathleen Murphy

O Time,  
why are you so inconsistent?  
Precious moments dance  
too quickly by  
yet  
while I study  
your hands move as if they were  
struck  
with  
arthritis...



James Hohmann



Lawrence Adams



Jon Gilloon



Carol Fogarty



Dennis McKenna



Timothy Pyne



Kathleen Granger



James Moon



Lucille Delfino





Jane Kealhofer

My old math teacher  
Would be proud:  
(I couldn't even  
Add out loud)  
But now this  
Foreign money caper--  
From francs to pounds,  
No pen or paper.



Douglas Longhini



Richard Meyer



Phillip Rafferty



Carol Murphy, Infirmarian



Linda Jachetta



Richard DeCoursey



Eileen Ryan



Dr. George Szemler, History



John Monsour



Michael Dixon

Linda Jenkins





Alida Wolczek



Mary Williams



Joan Slous



Sheldon Kirchman



Lorene Griesedieck



John Heidecker





Anne Megan



Mr. Peter Karavites, History



John Mullooney



Ann Lambdin

I've watched the sun set on Europe:  
In Paris, London, Cairo, Jerusalem;  
In Sounion, Capri, Torremolinos.  
In Rome.

Remember that first morning  
when we all saw it rise  
just before Amsterdam?



Marnita Duffy



Mary Jane Genco



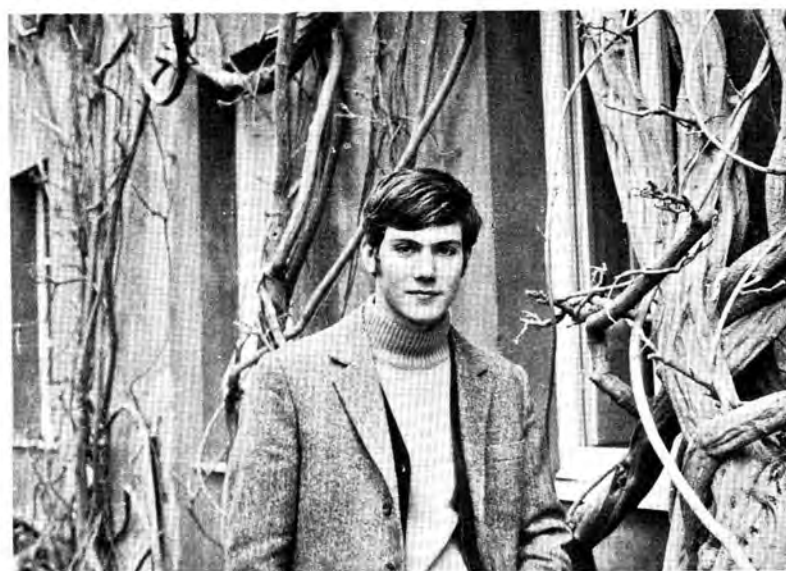
Mary Kilkuskie



Margaret Carrigan



John O'Connell



Antonio Krase



Mary Hustedt



Josette Lansu



Marilyn Augustine



Brian Mullen



Keta Seitz



Jay Steg



Melissa Sprengelmeyer



Marielou Gustilo,  
Assistant to the Academic Dean





Russell Faille

And the first thing every  
morning,  
The last every night...  
Gobbling up centos,  
Blaring bi-lingually,  
The touchstone of  
the outside world--

Our American jukebox.



James Tanner



Gloria Schaeffer



Julie Wilson



Laurie Shields

Donald Nugent





Michael Melvin



Peter Mudd



Susan Brennan



Anne Haule



Joseph Feltes



Dr. Michael Fink, Fine Arts, English



Lorraine Foster



Peter Mullen



James Zavislak



Karen Jacobsen



Sister Florence Marie, Classics



James Casey



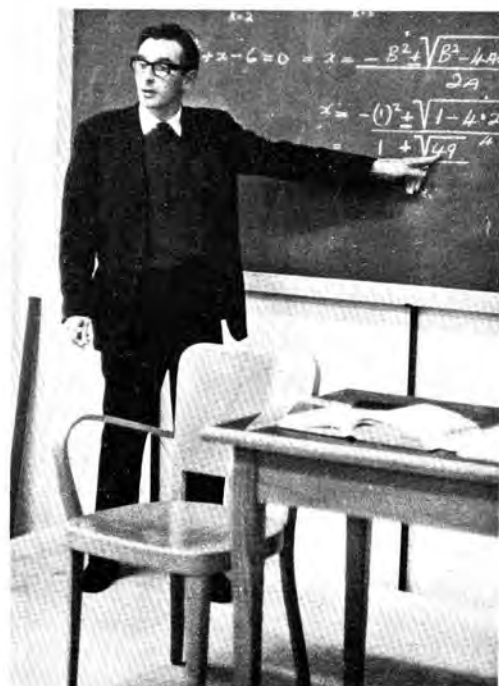


Rose Marie Maranto

A Roman morning,  
Roosters alarming day's break,  
Stucco country houses,  
Ornamented with laundry,  
Buxom, blushing  
Donne del paese,  
Dogs sniffing  
after last night's scraps,  
A pensive sky,  
Romanticizing the past--  
Keeps at arms-length  
the future--  
Tranquillizes  
the present.



Timothy Noworyta



Mr. Gervase Stringer, Mathematics



Anne Strunk



Margaret Downes

Gregory Small





Dr. James Barry, English



Carol Michelini



James Farrell



Susan O'Rourke



Mary Jane McAllister



Antonio Fundaro, Business Manager



Donatello Di Marco



Martin F. Molnar, Librarian



Linda Nash



Joseph Howell



Michael Gorman

My eyes, still full of sleep,  
Find my friends with  
Heavy drooping heads  
On weak, jelly-like bodies,  
Drained of all strength  
Yet with minds  
Full of knowledge.  
Soon it will be past:  
    the sea of pale faces,  
    the tension,  
    the despair,  
Only to return again in spring  
To contaminate the air.

Michael Malinowski







Peter Cutrera



Eileen Wagner



Susan Stumpf



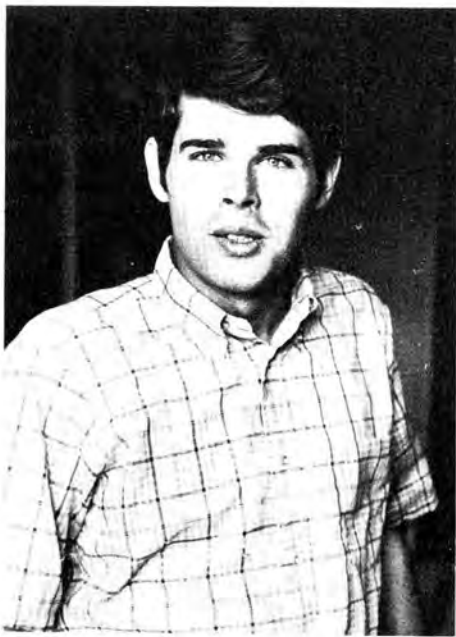
Michael McGuire



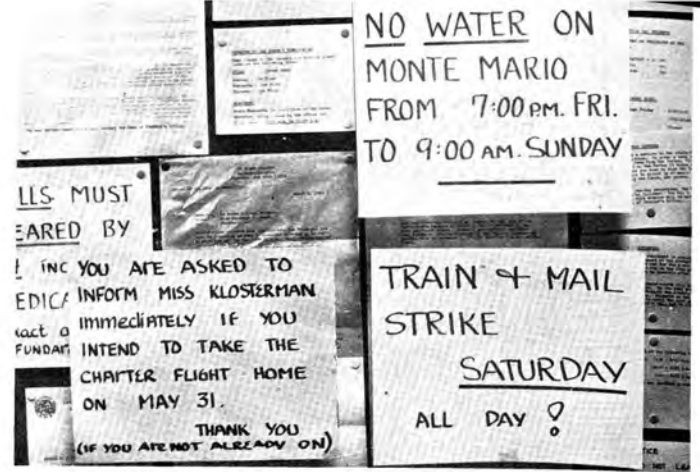
Joanne Egan



Mary Lohmeier



Donald Moloney



Mary Dougherty



Geoffrey Miller



Joseph Pojanowski



Ann Kerwin



Kathleen Esposito



Edward Wolfe



Barbara Bednard



Judith Mollere



John Cassin

It's a tricycle--  
No, it's a toy car--  
No, it's Agnelli's  
fortune-maker,  
a 500.



William Cummings





Marie Ginsberg



Janice Watney



Joseph Bellipanni



Judith Sedgwick



Kenneth Weiss



Deborah Burke



Rev. Joseph Curran, S.J., Spiritual Advisor



Kathleen Carlson



Mary Kelly



Mark Enenbach



Mary Gibbons



Ralph Pagano



Robert Meade

Piazza Navona,  
candy and dolls,  
shepherds playing

Christmas songs--

The darkened Pantheon and  
the deserted Trevi, whose  
silent water soothes one's  
lonely soul...

"La Notte prima di Natale"  
and the orphans--the carols,  
the dinner, and the  
cosmopolitan gifts;  
These things I will remember  
when on future Christmases  
at home, I dream about the one  
I celebrated abroad.



Sandra Low, Secretary to Director



Cecelia Harley



Charles Shack



Giorgio Mascini

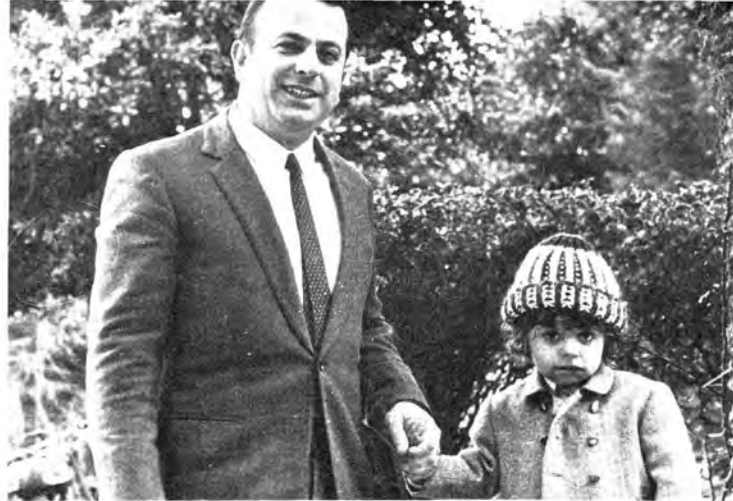


Philip O'Connor





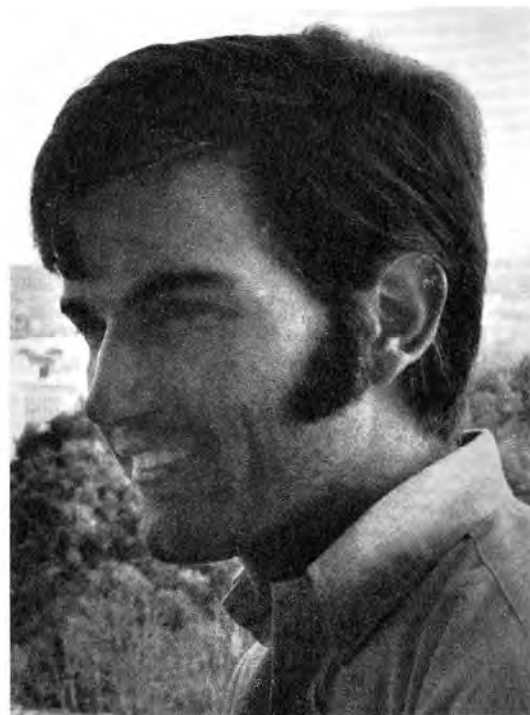
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Dario Conti, Director of Works



Mari Schiller



Daniel Brooks



Frank Harrold



Daniel Beach



John Schultz



Ann Guiney



Cynthia Anderson



Joseph Egan



William Morrison



Jayne Edwards



Patrice Burgert

Kate Klosterman,  
Secretary  
to Deans of Students





Sciopero!  
They halt the trains,  
They stop the 67,  
They cut off the water,  
And the mail never  
gets through.

Cecilia Cantlay



Francine Barsano



John Oleksak



Anne Goodwin



Joseph Weicher



Adrienne Shea



Ronna Breitborde





James Hartke



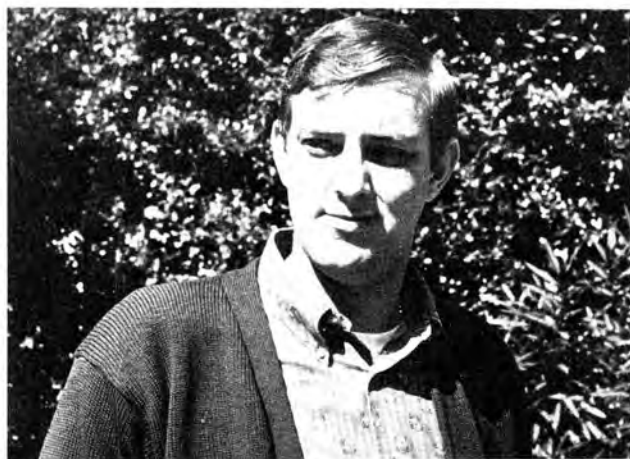
Stephen Lickwar



Michael Stellern



Karen Parenti



Bernard Adams

Vicki Pundsack, House Director-Villa



Jane Zintak



Carl Buchheit

Spinning disks of ebony latex  
 free my soul.  
 Reality is obscured in  
 ~ clouds of monoxide mist--  
 I was young and I rode to heaven.  
 All the gods knew my name.  
 The wind and rain made love to me:  
 I am born again,  
 I know no bounds.  
 Madrigal Munificence, I search for it..  
 "Can't you remember that  
 it's 3% olio???"



Sara Sills



Paul Meyers



James Rehrmann



John Housiaux



Jean Becker



Mary Broom



Paul Schofield



Patrick McCarthy



Stephanie Smith



Leith Swanson



Kathy Morris

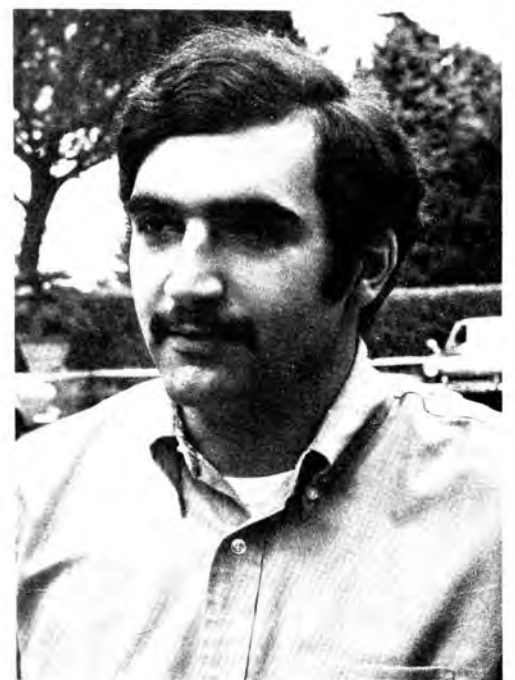


Joan Lichtman





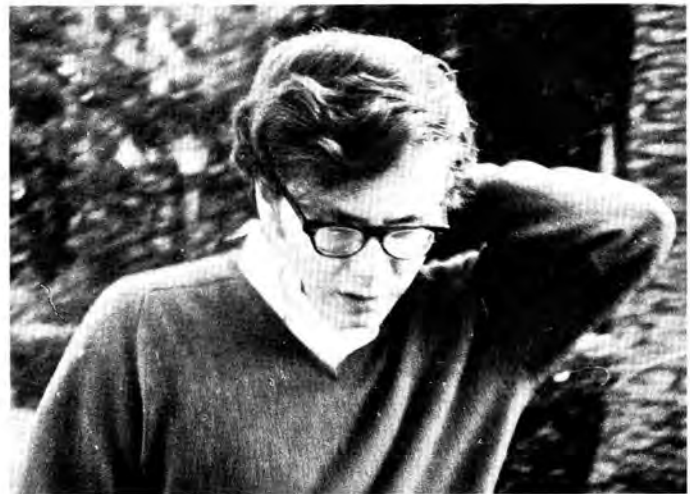
Michael Doyle



Frank Carbone



Gary Bosworth



Brian Golden



Carlo Pezzimenti

The Eternal City looked different to me last weekend under still, starry skies, a rainy morning, and a brilliant afternoon. Nothing had really changed; it just looked different. Maybe it was because for the first time I was enjoying Roma through the eyes of an old Roman. The city showed us its best, and we, in turn, added ten lire to the Trevi's coin collection and said a fond goodnight to our second home.



Kenneth DelPriore



Kathleen Bodie



Larry DeMars



Thomas Anderson



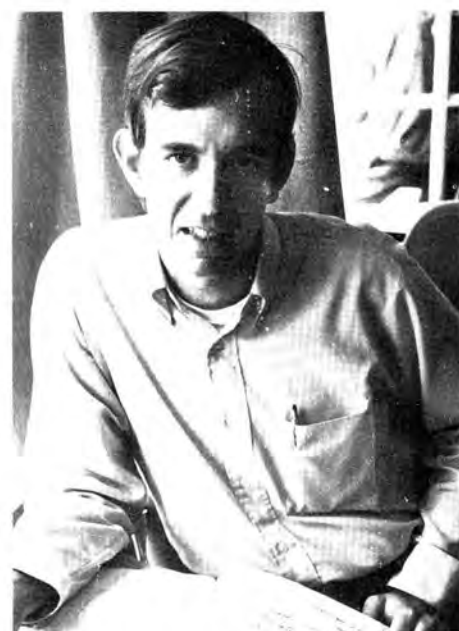
Thomas Bowes



Patrick Pellouchoud



Anthony Graefe



Michael Hemm



Edward Chmielewski



Edward Campbell



Sharon Doyle



Michael Orofino



Charlene Bevacqua



Frank Werber



Thomas Fuegner





Lynne Jackson



Robert Ahlering



Jeanne Almeroth



James Murphy



Rod Windsor



David Kramer



Kathryn Kothman



Michelle Garvey

## Ode to Trains

I'm in the stomach of the snake.  
I know not but the tunnels of  
my mind, churning cauldrons of  
curds and whey: But I cannot dine  
with Little Miss Muffett. Rhythmic  
snaps  
of vulcan's fingers are all I have as  
my companions. The glowering  
gargoyle  
destroys my dreams: Shadows are my  
blankets.  
Signature: "Il W.C. è rotto."



Peter Walsh



James Holland



Sarah Horsey



Suzanne Sullivan



Sebastiano Benci



Anellina Marelli



Pam Hegarty



William Gordon

*Pappagalli:*  
Italian (or Spanish, or French)  
men who follow, talk to, pester,  
pinch, beg, bother, question,  
apologize to, and generally  
terrorize any American girl who  
wanders within range. Usually  
harmless.



Mary Luckey



Juelenne Dazzell



Laura Williams



Alfred Nicolosi





Rev. Francis X. Walker, S.J., History



Rosemary Richie



Drue Diffenderfer



Alex Peer



Mary Kuhn



Brian Vine

David Kreiger





Mary Ann Spellman



Carol Hatch



Deborah Baldwin



Kathleen Butzberger



Helen Von Ebers



Paula Zannoni



Jerry DelGiudice



Marilynn Weiland



Virginia Watts



Mary Lautze



Marita Metz

MOM AND DAD

EUROPE IS GREAT STOP SEND  
SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS FAST

LOVE BILL



Martha McKay



Karin Gillis



Jeanette Valentine





Dr. Gloria Palesa, Italian



Mario Proietti



Aldo Schiavoni



John Boyle

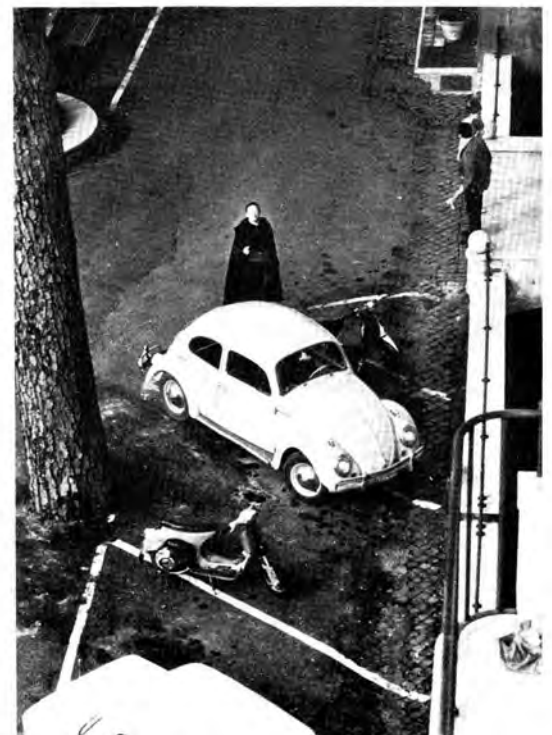
"...and I'm getting so sick of all my clothes--you would, too, if you packed and unpacked the same ones every weekend..."



Cisto Stornelli



Catherine DelVaglio



Rev. Pierre Riches, Theology



Teresa Guzman



Nancy Voll



Frank DeFrancesco



Thomas Sayed-Isaia



Mary Ann Azzarelli

Not Pictured:

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 Dr. Fiammetta Del Turco, Italian  
 Carol Erickson, Library Assistant  
 Rev. John F. Long, S.J., Theology  
 Eileen McGann, House Director  
 Laurie McHale, Library Assistant  
 Joan Smidt, House Director



Patricia Gibbons



Mark Olivo

"... so his life now is  
life with God."





I am Yesterday.  
I am gone from you forever.  
I am the last of a long procession of days,  
Streaming behind you, away from you,  
Pouring into mist and obscurity, and  
at last into the ocean of oblivion.  
I depart from you, yet I am ever with you.

Once I was called Tomorrow, and was  
virgin pure; then I became your  
bride and was named Today; now  
I am Yesterday, and carry upon me  
the eternal stain of your embrace.  
I am one of the leaves of a growing book.  
There are many pages before me.  
Some day you will turn us all over,  
and read us, and know what you are.

I am rich, for I have wisdom.  
I bore you a child, and have left him  
with you. His name is Experience.  
I am Yesterday; yet I am the same as  
Today and Forever; for I am  
you; and you cannot escape  
from yourself.







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# “vedere dall'alto”



Avete mai provato a «vedere dall'alto»?

Riteniamo sia una delle emozioni più intense.

Vedere dall'alto significa percepire del mondo, della vita, una impressione nuova: anche se ciò può sembrare strano, rappresenta un ridimensionare ogni cosa: ad ogni cosa attribuendo una più giusta, più appropriata importanza.

Un uomo, un albero, un palazzo, una montagna: visti dall'alto, acquistano un valore diverso. Il reale valore di piccole cose adagate in un'infinità di spazio.

I momenti più belli del volo sono — a nostro avviso — proprio quelli che consentono di vedere sotto di noi tutte quelle cose tra le quali costantemente viviamo, ma senza «vederle».

Ci piacerebbe moltissimo essere proprio noi ad offrirVi la possibilità di «vedere dall'alto»: dall'oblò di un qualsiasi nostro aereo in volo non importa per quale destinazione: lungo una delle tante rotte che percorriamo ogni giorno in tutto il mondo.

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